

Iron Saucepans.

BEFORE iron saucepans are put away after being washed they should be thoroughly dried. Should the saucepan have been used for any strong smelling food, it should be stood in the open air for a little while to sweeten it and remove the smell.

Jealousy Is Fear of Superiority; Envy Is Uneasiness Under It



Magazine Page



This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the death in 1829 of James Smithson, founder of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. Smithson was the son of the Duke of Northumberland. He never visited America, but left his fortune of \$515,169 to the United States for the "diffusion of knowledge among men."

THE LOVE GAMBLER

A Clever Story by a Famous Authoress

Desiree Reproves Norah for Talking to the New Chauffeur and Then Shows Displeasure with him

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

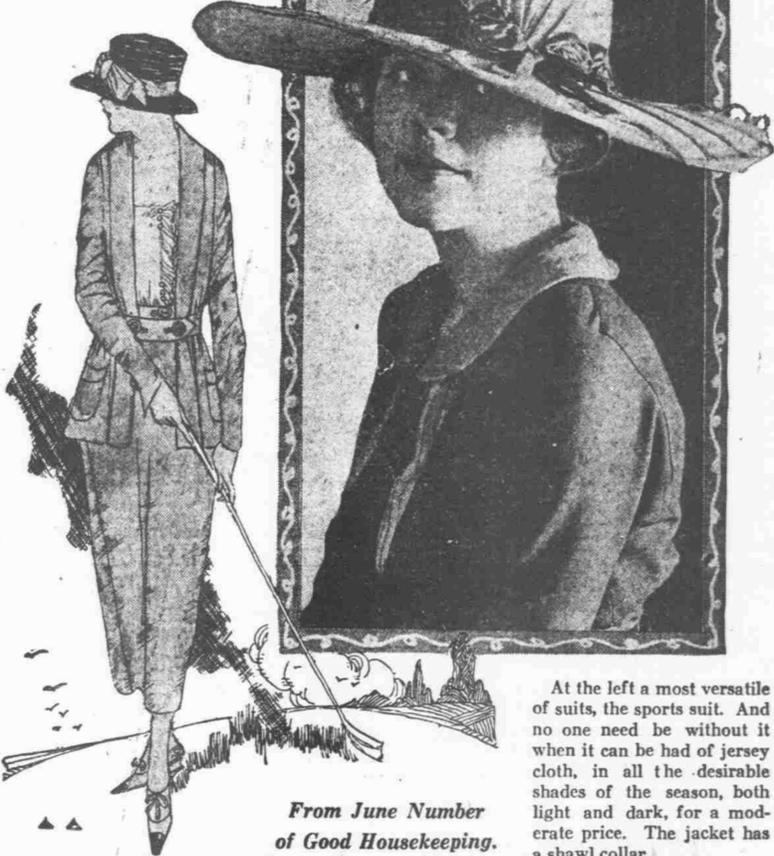
CHAPTER XXIV.
(Copyright, 1919, Star Company.)
DESIREE was nonplussed. Her maid's claims seemed fair enough. The mistress had at the moment no argument with which to refute it.
"Naturally, Norah," she began, "Mr. Leighton and I know just Smith is honest and a good driver. But as to his behavior in other respects, we know little."
"There's nothing to fear from him, ma'am," the girl affirmed quickly. "I've seen a good many men, and I know what they're like. And the minute I first seen Smith, I sized him up."
"Ah—did you?" was the dry rejoinder.
"Yes, ma'am," Norah detected no sarcasm in the question. "My mother always told me there were certain things no girl should let a man do—and that nice men aren't going to attempt them until they know a girl well—things like trying to put their arms around her—and free actions like that."
Desiree gasped. "Norah!" she exclaimed.
"Yes, ma'am," the girl admitted. "It is dreadful, isn't it? But there is fellows as will do the likes of that when they first meet a girl—and don't mean no real harm in it, neither. Now Smith, why, he's never so much as—"
The sound of the doorbell reached her ears, and she stopped abruptly. "Oh, there's the bell! I guess Annie's in the kitchen. I'll just run down."
"It's probably Smith with the car," Desiree began.
But the girl was already out of hearing, speeding on her way downstairs. She also suspected that it was Smith with the car. Which, Desiree reflected frowningly, would account for her haste.
She was baffled. She could say no more on this subject unless she forbade Norah to speak to Smith, and she had no grounds for such a sweeping interdiction. Norah was a decent girl, Smith was a decent man. Why should they not be on friendly terms?
She hates the thought.
Moreover, and the thought made Desiree feel slightly frightened at herself, Samuel Leighton could not possibly understand his daughter's viewpoint were she to express disapproval of any friendship between chauffeur and maid.

David started so violently as to dislodge the hand resting on his arm.
"What!" he ejaculated. "What do you mean?"
"Well, you needn't look so astonished," Norah said, bridling. "I'm only telling you you can come to see me any time you like—any evening, I mean. I don't often ask young men to come here. It's not generally allowed. But with you, it's different. I ran some risk standing outside with you last night—and she didn't like it. But when I explained to her that you and me were friends, she looked at it different."
"So if you don't come to see me once in a while, it's your own fault. You ought to like me," with another giggle, "after the scrape I most got into last night all on account of you. I had to make her think you had something special that you wanted to speak to me about, and that you'd asked me to come outside for a few minutes. If she knew I went out of my own self—well, she'd be that mad!" She's the real particular. Sh—! Here she comes now!"
Everything Goes Wrong.
Then, to make matters worse, the girl turned hastily away and hurried into the dining room.
But, quickly as she had gone, Desiree caught a glimpse of her in her flight and called her back.
"Norah! Where are you going?"

"Oh—I—I was just going down to the kitchen," Norah said, reappearing.
"You seemed in a hurry," was Desiree's grave comment. "Here, put this fur around me."
David stood, hat in hand, by the front door, too much dazed to know just what to say.
Desiree looked at him severely. "Smith," she remarked, "it is not necessary for you to stand in here waiting for me. Go out to your car. I will come when I am ready."
As the chauffeur obeyed she spoke once more to Norah.
"I wish, Norah, that you would not detain Smith talking to him when he comes to the door to announce that the car is ready for me. It is not his place to come in. He should simply deliver the message to the maid who opens the door, then go out again."
"Very well, ma'am, I will tell him," the girl said meekly.
"You will do nothing of the kind!" Desiree retorted. "I will give him orders of that kind myself."
After which she went from the house, without so much as a backward glance.
Norah stood still for a full minute after the door had closed upon her young mistress. Then she drew a long breath.
"Whew!" she whistled softly to herself. "Whatever ails her? She certainly is in a bad temper today, all right!"
To Be Continued.

Sports Suit and Fall Hat

A French blue taffeta hat with roses encircling the crown. These sweeping, big brimmed Fall creations are called "ace high."



From June Number of Good Housekeeping.

At the left a most versatile of suits, the sports suit. And no one need be without it when it can be had of jersey cloth, in all the desirable shades of the season, both light and dark, for a moderate price. The jacket has a shawl collar.

HEARTS OF THREE

By JACK LONDON.

Francis and the Haciendada Engage In a Discussion of South American Oil Industry

(Synopsis of Preceding Chapters)
Francis Morgan, descendant of Sir Henry Morgan, historic buccaner, decided to use an "old-fashioned" city life for a while and plans a fishing trip. To Regan, who comes to the hacienda, Alvaros Torres, a South American, who announces he has a tip on the location of treasure buried by the pirates.
Torres organizes a party to search for the treasure. Upon landing he encounters a strange young woman who appears to be a native of some one else. He is fired upon by three natives and seeks safety aboard his vessel, the *Amalago*.
Francis learns he and Henry, the mysterious islander, are both descendants of a pirate.
Francis discovers his resemblance to Henry was responsible for his peculiar greeting upon first landing on South American territory. Francis encounters Torres again. Francis is saved from death on gallows and Henry is arrested. His place, Leoncio, had been fancy had strayed from Henry to Francis.
Francis, Genoa, and Henry elude their enemies and go aboard Francis' vessel. The *Amalago* is pursued down the coast. Francis and his party decide to go ashore to elude their pursuers.
"Don't tell me, Senor," he began, "that they have located oil in Panama?"
"They have," the haciendada nodded gravely. "We knew of the oil, and had known of it for generations. But it was the Hermosillo Company that sent its Gringo engineers in secretly and then bought up the land. They say it is a great field. But I know nothing of oil myself. They have many wells, and have bored much, and so much oil have they that it is running away over the landscape. They say they cannot choke it entirely down, such is the volume and pressure. What they need is the pipeline to the ocean carriage, which they have begun to build. In the meantime it flows away down the canyons, an utter loss of incredible proportion."
"Have they built any tanks?" Francis demanded, his mind running eagerly on Tampico Petroleum. To which most of the haciendada was pledged, and of which, despite the rising stock market, he had heard nothing since his departure from New York.
The haciendada shook his head.
"Transportation," he explained. The freight from tidewater to the gushers by mule back has been productive. But they have found much of it. They have lakes of oil, great reservoirs in the hollows of the hills, earthen dammed, and still they cannot choke down the flow, and still the precious substance flows down the canyons."
"Have they roofed these reservoirs?" Francis inquired, remembering a disastrous fire in the early days of Tampico Petroleum.
"No, Senor."
Francis shook his head disapprovingly.
"They should be roofed," he said. A match from the drunken or revengeful hand of any peon could set the whole works off. It's poor business, poor business."
They Do Happen.
"But I am not the Hermosillo," the haciendada said.
"For the Hermosillo Company, I mean, Senor," Francis explained. "I am an oil man. I have paid through the loss to the tune of hundreds of thousands for similar accidents or crimes. One never knows just how they happen. What one does know is that they do happen."
What more Francis might have said about the expediency of protecting oil reservoirs from stupid or wilful peons, was never to be known; for, at the moment, the chief overseer of the plantation, stuck in hand, rode up, half his interest devoted to the newcomers, the other half to the squad of peons working close at hand.
"Senor Ramirez, will you favor me by dismounting," his employer, the haciendada, politely invited him, at the same time introducing him to the strangers as soon as he had dismounted.
"The animal is yours, friend Enrique," the haciendada said. "If it dies, please return at your easy convenience the saddle and gear. And if your convenience be not easy, please do not remember that there is to be any return save ever and always of your love for me. I regret that you and your party cannot now partake of my hospitality. But the jefe is a bloodhound, I know. We shall do our best to send him astray."
With Leoncio and Enrique mounted, and the gear made fast to the saddles by leather thongs, the cavalcade started. Alvaros and Ricardo clinging like a stirrup to their father's saddle and trotting alongside. This was for making greater haste, and was emulated by Francis and Henry, who clung to Leoncio's stirrups. Fast to the pomel of her saddle was bag of silver dollars.
"It is some mistake," the haciendada was explaining to his overseer, Enrique Solano, is an honorable man. Anything to which he pledges himself is honorable. He had pledged himself to this, whatever it may be, and yet is Mariano Vercaero Hijos on their trail. We shall mislead him if he comes this way."
"And here he comes," the overseer remarked, "without luck so far in finding horses." Usually he turned on the laboring peons and with horrible threats urged them to do at least half a day's decent work in a day.
From the corner of his eye the haciendada observed the fast-walking group of men with Alvaros Torres in the lead; but, as if he had not noticed, he conferred with his overseer about the means of grubbing out the particular stump the peons were working on.
He returned the greeting of Torres pleasantly, and inquired politely, with a touch of deviousity, if he led the party of men on some oil prospecting adventure.
"No, senor," Torres answered.

The Rhymer Optimist

THE WEAKER SEX.
WOMEN are so weak and fragile that they need a lot of care; husky men, so strong and agile, all their burdens ought to bear. Women have to work for hours using all their wit and art broidering ten dozen flowers into ten towels that are smart. Though they need the air, they're poorly; round the block they cannot pounce; but they often do, demurely, force furlongs at a dance. Housework makes them very dizzy and it hurts their eyes to read, so they buy a bright "tin lizzy" and they show the town some speed. They have nerves, they mention daily, they must have a quiet room; there they play the ukelele, filling all the block with gloom. Should, perchance, a lady labor darning hubby's horrid socks, she'll be sure to tell her neighbor that she works just like an ox. Every husband's fed up on it, so he grins and signs the checks as each week she buys a bonnet; woman is the weaker sex. If there wants a costume dainty, it were cruel to deny. It would make her feel so faint, eh? She might really, truly cry! So she kids her husband daily with her foot upon his neck, and he comes across quite gaily, though his bank book is a wreck. Brothers, she and dad; she kids 'em, speaking of her cares complex, and they all do as she bids 'em; woman is the weaker sex.

Here's to the Boy Scout

By W. A. McKeever, M. D.

IN the course of my extensive travels among the cities of America, I have found the boy of scout age to be the most reliable informant and guide as to the general map of his home city, the location and direction of its more important institutions, and how to get there.
How about your own twelve-year-old boy? Can he pass the following test, and thus qualify as a guide to those of the vast army of strangers within the gates of the city who may chance to request his services?
Location of the Government buildings, postoffices, sub-postoffices, and the like.
Location of the City Hall, the fire stations, the police headquarters, and the principal administrative buildings.
Location of the principal parks, playgrounds, museums, libraries, theaters and other places of recreation.
Location of the high schools, ward schools, colleges, night schools, larger private and parish schools and other important educational institutions.
Location of the larger factories, industrial plants, shipping and storing houses, wharves and docks if any, and other similar establishments.
An outline of the transportation system, showing the direction of the larger street car lines, the location and the trend of the traffic over these, together with their proximity to the leading hotels.
Names of the principal streets, avenues, and boulevards, and the connection of these with the business center and the main traffic of the city.
Location of the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the hospitals, the Red cross headquarters and the recruiting stations for army and navy.
Now, these are important items of information which not a few boys of the scout age carry on their tongue tips and which may be easily taught. Grown men unimpaired as to these matters never have time or sufficient interest to learn them. I have tested many "respectable citizens" regarding such knowledge and usually found them wanting. Boys, on the other hand, are quick and eager to learn them while they are passing through the instructive "geography age."
But the real justification for your boys, and the reason why they are becoming informed as to the map of his home city is that he may actually know of the existence of the institutions listed above and gradually develop his life and character with reference to them.
Too many city dwellers live a narrow routine life, and it is chiefly because they think narrow, routine thoughts. The place of daily business, the shop center, the theater, the residence and back to the place of business—such is the narrow groove of thought into which men are wont to fall.
So, to break up the narrow life of the man of tomorrow, to make him think habitually in terms of his entire environment, begin on the boy of today and teach him to know intimately all the institutions and the ins and outs of his entire home city.

Puss in Boots Jr.

By David Cory.

"Little Polly Flinders sat among the cinders. A warning her pretty little toes! Her mother came and caught her. And whipped her little daughter."
Puss Junior slid off from behind Sir Launcelot. "I hear a maiden in distress," he said. "Do you continue on your way while I go inside this humble cottage?"
The good knight, who saw through the window what was going on, smiled and replied: "As thou sayest, little comrade," and rode off toward the castle on the rocks, while Puss Junior knocked on the cottage door.
Mrs. Flinders laughed when she saw our little hero. "What would you have, Sir Cat?" Poor little Polly was still crying. So Puss placed his hand upon his sword, and said haughtily, "Why is this maiden in distress? You see, he imagines he was a Knight of the Round Table for the moment."
"My dear little cat," cried Mrs. Flinders, checking her laughter and patting Puss on the head, "my little daughter was disobedient; that was the reason she was punished."
"Ah, said Puss, 'I have made a mistake. I ask your pardon.' At this, little Polly Flinders stopped crying and threw her arms about him. "I wish I had a pussy cat like him," she cried. And so would every little boy or girl, I guess. But Puss replied, "I am on my way to seek adventure, and I may not tarry long." Puss, you see, was unconsciously acquiring the manner of a knight in conversation.
Then he bowed and went on his way, following the path that led to the great castle. But before he had gone even a short distance he made a desperate struggle to escape, but was finally overpowered.
"Alas," thought Puss Junior, "why did I leave Sir Launcelot?" The robbers took our little hero deeper into the forest, and at length arrived at a hut, which they entered. An old woman and a young girl were cooking the supper.
"Mother, we have caught the famous Puss in Boots, Junior!" and they dragged Puss forward into the firelight.
"Mercy me!" exclaimed the old lady. "He will bring a fine ransom. But the young girl, who was very pretty, said nothing. She only looked at Puss quietly. It seemed to him she felt sorry. Perhaps she did, for our little traveler looked anything but happy at his fate. And in the next story you shall hear what happened after that."
(Copyright, 1919, David Cory.)
To Be Continued.

Bobbie and His Pa

By William F. Kirk.

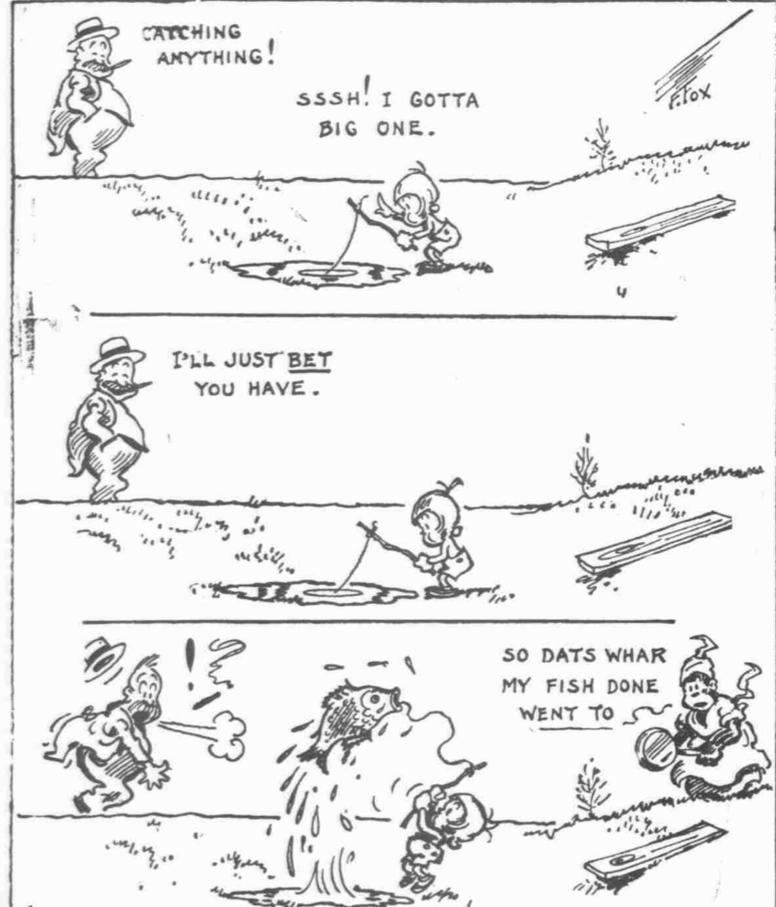
THAT is a grate thing, flying, said Pa to Ma last night. I had a airship figured out about twenty years ago sed Pa, that was going to talk me across the oshun, but wen I dug it out & got it started, Pa sed, something went wrong & it didn't talk me across the street. I nearly broke my neck, sed Pa, & I never fled aggen.
Perhaps it was jest as well you stayed on the ground so you cud remain on erth, sed Ma. Maybe if you had fled across the oshun you mite have met a butifil princess in sum of them forren lands & married her & then think how sad I wud have been.
True enuff, sed Pa. I had a kind of lurch that if I stayed on the ground I wud meet you & fall in luv with you sum day, sed Pa, & so it turned out. But if I had reely been the first one to fly across the Atlantic, I think how proud you wud be of me now.
I am proud of you anyway, sed Ma, even wen you fly hoam at nite from the offfis. That is seldum enuff, sed Ma.
It will be a grate wurd, tho, sed Pa, wen the flying masheen is perfected & we are all littel birds together. Every morning then, sed Pa, I will fly around outside your window & sing you a morning song to waik you, sed Pa.
How butifil, sed Ma. It will waik me all rite, I guess, sed Ma, & the nabors too. Can you imagine the time, sed Pa, wen everybody is flying & walking is a thing unnessary, except for sum nabors, sed Pa.
Yes, I guess that time is cumming, sed Ma. We are going to see wonderful changes. But it will cum slow. Man is yet far from perfect, as we were saying yesterday at our Ladies' Club.
We can talk sum grate trips wen the air ships is going good, sed Pa. No tire tribbel or anything, & no traf-fick cops to hold you up, unless they have a speed limit in the air, the zum as on the land, sed Pa.
It sounds fine, sed Ma. Maybe I will get moar then. I have been sticking around the house pritty close lately.
We mite go out for a littel st. car ride, sed Pa.
That is a long way from an air-ship, sed Ma. But it will help sum. If they have airships I am going to have a littel one of my own & talk a trip every day to the Polo Grounds & watch the ball game in the air-ship so I went have to dig up no quarter to git in. Maybe I wud talk my girl too, if I had a airship & a girl to talk.

DO YOU LIKE BOOKS?

"The Soul in Suffering," by Robert S. Carroll, author of "The Mastery of Nervousness," is published by the Macmillans, New York, at \$2.00. The book serves to bring closer the practical benefits of the accurate of medical science and the highest aspirations of religion. It stands for medical ideals reaching out to Christian ideals, that one of the greatest problems of human existence—the problem of suffering—may be the more worthily met by the helpers of mankind.

A Most Surprising Catch.

By FONTAINE FOX



CATCHING ANYTHING!
SSSH! I GOTTA BIG ONE.
I'LL JUST BET YOU HAVE.
SO DATS WHAR MY FISH DONE WENT TO

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Going the Rounds.

"That new nursemaid of Mrs. Styles seems a very obliging girl," said the lady in the satin jumper.
"What makes you think so?" asked her friend in the purple gingham.
"Well, yesterday morning I saw her out with Mrs. Styles' baby, in the afternoon with Mrs. Styles' dog, and in the evening with Mrs. Styles' husband."

Carried Unanimously.

Betty had been very trying, and her mother had to correct her many times.
At last she lost patience, and exclaimed: "Betsy, I should think you would get tired hearing me talk to you so much."
And in decided tones the child returned, "Yes, mother, I do!"

(TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW.)